THE WIFE TO HER HUSBAND.

It seems to me that should I die,
And this poor body cold and lifeless lie,
And thou shouldst touch my lips with thy warm breath,
The life-blood quicken'd in each sep'rate vein,
Would wildly, madly rushing back again,
Bring the glad spirit from the isle of death.

It seems to me that were I dead,
And thou in sympathy shouldst o'er me shed
Some tears of sorrow, or of sad regret,
That every pearly drop that fell in grief,
Would bud, or blossom, bursting into leaf,
To prove immortal love could not forget.

I do believe that round my grave,
When the cool, fragrant, evening zephyrs wave,
Shouldst thou in friendship linger near the spot,
And breathe some tender words in memory,
That this poor heart in grateful constancy,
Would softly whisper back some loving thought.

I do believe that should I pass
Into the unknown land of happiness,
And thou shouldst wish to see my face once more,
That in my earnest longing after thee,
I would come forth in joyful ecstacy,
And once again gaze on thee as before.

I do believe my faith in thee,
Stronger than life, an anchor firm to be,
Planted in thy integrity and worth,
A perfect trust, implicit and secure;
That will all trials and all griefs endure,
And bless and comfort me while here on earth.

I do believe who love hath known,
Or sublime friendship's purest, highest tone,
Hath tasted of the cup of ripest bliss,
And drank the choicest wine life hath to give,
Hath known the truest joy it is to live:
What blessings rich or great compared to this?

I do believe true love to be,
An element that in its tendency,
Is elevating to the human mind;
An intuition which we recognize
As foretaste of immortal Paradise,
Through which the soul will be refined.

EMILE.

SALT LAKE CITY, Nov. 17, 1874.

Emmeline B. Wells